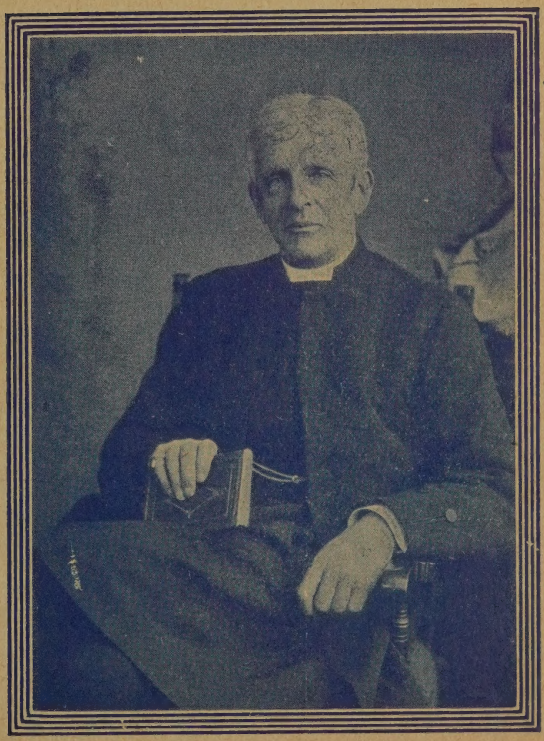
357

G. E. MOULE, D.D.

SCHOLAR
MISSIONARY
BISHOP



To

his Sons and Daughters still with us

this Sketch is affectionately inscribed

GEORGE EVANS MOULE, D.D.

MISSIONARY AND BISHOP
IN CHINA

HONORARY FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE

A SKETCH

by his Brother, Handley, Bishop of Durham

"It pleased God...to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the Heathen."—Gal. i. 15, 16.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY
SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C. 4
1920

PREFATORY NOTE

The following little Sketch must be, such as it is, its own introduction. This Note has only to tell the reader that, among many omissions, I have said little of my brother's literary work. That work, apart from one small volume of sermons, "Faith and Duty," and occasional papers on Chinese topics, was almost wholly done in Chinese. A version of the Prayer Book was the chief Chinese publication. George Moule contributed much valuable matter (on Hangchow) to Col. Yule's fine edition of Marco Polo. But he never allowed his strong literary and historical instincts to draw him away from "the one thing he did," the work of the Gospel. So, also, his considerable botanical knowledge and intense love of flowers were always kept in the back-ground. He made several plants known to botanists, and a Chinese oak is called after him, *Quercus Moulii*. But the Lord and the Word were always the supreme concern.

I have made use, in writing this sketch, of George Moule's "Recollections of Sixty Years" (1907), of Arthur Moule's important book, "Half a Century in China," of Dr. Stock's great "History of the Church Missionary Society," and (among other minor helps) of some manuscript reminiscences of my brother by friends.

Those who care for further records of the past days of the Chekiang Mission will find valuable matter in Arthur Moule's "Story" of it, written long ago with his brother's co-operation.

HANDLEY DUNELM

GEORGE EVANS MOULE, D.D.

CHAPTER I

Early Days

MY brother George, second in a family of eight sons, was born January 28, 1828, in the vicarage of Gillingham, in the north of Dorset, where our father was then curate-in-charge. A few years ago there died, at Bath, a venerable friend of ours, Mrs. Hannam, child of a Gillingham family. She remembered how, as a girl of ten, she was allowed to see the new baby. That baby died some three years before her, the missionary bishop of eighty-four.

As a little boy, not yet two, George changed his home. His father, a young man still, had been called to be vicar of Fordington, close to our county town, Dorchester. There he was to labour for God and man till, fifty-one years later, in 1880, he fell asleep, leaving a memory still blessed there, the memory of the just and loving worker for his people's eternal and temporal welfare; ready, had his Master so willed, in the dread days of cholera, in 1854, to die in their service; never tiring of his gospel message, and always alive to the missionary calling of the Church. No son of his can forget the monthly meetings in the schoolroom, with their readings of missionary Scriptures and then of the last news from the magazines. I dimly remember listening so to Krapf's accounts (in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer") of his penetration into unexplored Eastern Africa, with its snow-capped mountains.

My father, with a tutor's help, took pupils, and his sons had their schooling with them. George was thus taught until his nineteenth year, when he went to Cambridge. I was nearly fourteen years his junior, and I only just recall him as he was in those days, a tall lad, with a bearing far different from what I knew so well later; there was a certain casual and careless air about it. His own account of that time was always sternly severe. God's goodness kept him from what the world would call sin. But he deliberately wrote it down in his latter days that by eighteen he "had nearly lost all early good impressions, and was leading a life idle and selfish," in a way which left an abiding remorse.

I repeat the words with reverent reserve. But I recall

how many another great Christian, a Simeon, a Martyn, for example, seeing his past in contrast with the holy light given later, has "written bitter things against himself," not to make a vain display of depth but with the insight of holy penitence, and to magnify the grace of the beloved Lord.

Then came a profound change. A dear friend of our father's, his brother and neighbour in Christ's work, Augustus Handley, preached a quiet sermon one Sunday, when George was present, on the peril of "hearing and believing not." It pierced the critical lad's conscience with an intense conviction of sin and of its doom. The deep nature felt the wound deeply. For months, so he has put it on record, no gleam of hope broke the cloud. Later in that year, 1846, he obeyed his father's wish and went up to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, but only after an entreaty to be allowed to forego the university, lest he should fall away. The shadow of spiritual fear, though broken, haunted him term by term, and led to an ascetic abstinence from all sports and pleasures. But two influences at Cambridge came to his aid. The Greek Professor, James Scholefield, was also a preacher and teacher of the purest and fullest Gospel, an attractive and impressive power for God among the students. And one undergraduate friend, F. F. Gough, proved a true "succourer" of the burthened soul. And Gough was already fired with the hope of missionary work in China.

Now sprung up in George Moule's mind the thought that his merciful Lord might allow him also, even him, to be a missionary. No sense of romance lay in the thought. He clung by nature to home and England. But he longed now to sacrifice to his self-sacrificed Saviour, and slowly the hope matured, and was confided to his friend—but not yet to his parents.

He graduated in 1850, taking a creditable place in the mathematical list, but a lower place in the classical—no foreshadowing of the mastery with which he was one day to conquer the mysteries of Chinese.

As his degree approached he told his parents of his missionary hope. They heard of it with solemn joy. But serious reasons led his father to ask him to put off his actual offer and to begin his ministry at home. So for some four years after his ordination (in 1851) he served at Fordington as curate and tutor, and then for two years more as chaplain of the county hospital in the town hard by, with the thought, as one motive, of learning the rudiments of a doctor's work.

Well do I remember my dear brother in those years. He was my teacher, from days when I cried as I brought him my first troubles over Latin, to my confirmation-time,

when he prepared me for the bishop. His sermons, with their intense application of the Gospel, and their noble style, for his literary instinct was fine and sure, arrested and lifted me. He gave us regular readings and talks on missionary matters, often based on H. W. Fox's "Chapters on Missions." And he loved also to introduce us his pupils to great specimens of English literature; Dryden, Cowper, Macaulay, I well remember. He read passages to us, and talked them over, now in his room, now in some nook of our beautiful water-meadows on a summer's day. And he gave us prizes (I cherish the dainty little volumes to this hour) for learning by heart, sometimes pieces of verse, sometimes chapters of the Greek Testament. Cowper's "Sofa" I could say throughout, and also (a great gain for after days) the Epistles to Ephesus and Philippi.

CHAPTER II

China: 1858—1867

IN June, 1857, George offered himself to the Church Missionary Society, whose Honorary Secretary (1841-72) was that great Christian statesman, Henry Venn. The horror and peril of the Indian Mutiny, as I well remember, then possessed all minds, and lay heavy on the Societies. For some while my brother got no reply. Then Mr. Venn asked him to his house, and the medical advisers of the Committee examined him. They declined to pass him for China; his "constitutional tone" was not strong enough. And besides, said others, he was in his thirtieth year; it was probably too late for the learning of Chinese.

He had asked for China *just because he felt no attraction towards it*; he would go there, he thought, with a surer hope that the Spirit led him, not the flesh, if no spell of romantic interest entered in. And now, whatever was the Committee's choice of a field, that choice should, of course, be his.

Happily the medical opinion was overruled, and the language difficulty was not pressed. So the man of twenty-nine, supposed to be weak, went out to China—to labour there for full half a century, and in time to prove himself both a master of literary Chinese, able (as few, I believe, of even the veterans can do) to write to his educated converts in a pure classical style, and also a ready, idiomatic, winning

preacher and teacher in the language of the people. I recall how his friend Russell, his predecessor in the bishopric, said once to my father: "I wish you could hear George *pour out*!"

He left England in December, 1857, travelling by what was then still "the overland route," crossing the Isthmus of Suez nine years before the Canal was opened, and reaching Ningpo in February, 1858. Nobly did his parents yield their son to their Lord. At that time in our family history his presence would have been particularly helpful; but no thought of a recall of their glad surrender ever shook them. And they had their reward. Through the remainder of their fruitful but often burthened lives the missionary work of their George, and later of their Arthur, had an always warming and uplifting power upon them.

Just after reaching China George married his cousin, Adelaide Griffiths, then the widow of an Indian officer. For fifty-one years their beautiful lives were one, in a perfect intimacy of reverence and in devotion to their Lord. Two daughters and five sons were granted to them. Of the four survivors to-day all have given, or are giving, service to China, three of them as missionaries. The dear eldest, a daughter now long gone, was also the gifted and consecrated student and teacher at her parents' side.

My brother found a small but noble band of brothers in China to welcome him, notably his Cambridge friend Gough, and Russell, afterwards Bishop. The three made half of the whole force of Anglican missionary men then in China. (A few years later, for some time, my two brothers were the only such men in all Chekiang.) And it was a troubled China for which they worked. That vast and memorable movement, the Taiping rebellion, had been long on foot. Its remote beginning lay in the thirties. By the early fifties it had mastered Nanking. Later it captured Amoy and Shanghai. Later again, in 1861, Ningpo was carried, the home of George Moule and of his newly-arrived brother Arthur. The missionaries were exposed to pitiless disturbance and often to great danger, before a British force finally drove out the Taipings. It is sorrowful to think what might have been the issues of that mighty upheaval if the missionary army had been strong enough, and in time, to control and guide it. With unquestionable sincerity the early leaders accepted the supreme truths of salvation, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Cross. They issued literature full of strikingly clear expressions of these beliefs, first learnt, probably, from Congregationalist missionaries in South China. And they denounced and destroyed idols. And they sought to make an

utter end of opium and its curse. But alas, the Christian Church had no force adequate for the occasion. And then politics, and the deplorable policy which protected the opium trade, threw our national weight against the Taipings, and the movement, for Christian purposes, was hopelessly lost. Meanwhile England came twice over into conflict with imperial China, and in 1858 a treaty was imposed upon her which secured free passage everywhere for the missionary—and for opium.

George spent his first five years at Ningpo, rapidly getting the language, and soon, accompanied by Chinese helpers, when the Taiping terror had passed, evangelizing in the peopled regions around.

In 1864 he was called to a long step forward. The Taipings in their day of power had taken and wrecked the glorious city of Hangchow, leaving in it only half of its million people—Hangchow, the Quinsay of Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller (and Chinese mandarin) of six centuries ago. It was once the imperial capital; it was still the capital of Chekiang and a place of immense prestige. Two devoted Chinamen came to my brother (he and Arthur were seated together at the moment), and appealed to him to go to Hangchow, now broken and open, and to make it a gospel centre. At first he declined; no one, he thought, could be spared from Ningpo. Then he reconsidered the matter, gravely hesitating. But at length he felt the hand of God, and within a few months he was lodged in a Chinese house deep within the city. This by slow degrees he modified into a dwelling, simple, but such as an English family might inhabit. Here was his home to the end, "so far as anything in this world," he said, "may be my home."

It is worth noticing that this house, with its modest, its humble refinements of sweet cleanliness, neat furnishing, and book-lined walls, was approached only by a lane of indescribable pollution. So I was told by a friend, my brother's guest there. He, fastidiously sensitive in such matters, yet never, that I remember, made one allusion to this abiding trial.

My brother Arthur, whose active spirit and initiative and directive power were soon felt after his arrival in 1861, remained at Ningpo, while George, at first for months at a time, then continuously, occupied Hangchow—the first English missionary in China, I believe, to *reside* so far inland, four days away from a treaty-port.

Here he lived and laboured until 1867. The results were gradual. The great city was still proud and hard. The shout, "foreign devil," was continually heard as the

missionary moved about. But the little Church saw baptisms in quietly growing numbers, and the man was silently winning trust and goodwill.

CHAPTER III

England : China : 1867—1876

IN 1867 George, with his wife and their three children, left on furlough for England. The welcome travellers reached the old Dorset home in June. Our loving Fordington people went in a crowd to Dorchester station, and " Master George " reached his father's door, with his family, in a carriage drawn by willing men, a scene of homely affection visible still to my heart. Great was his parents' joy, and the vicarage grew young again with the children's life. To the two eldest, girl and boy, it was to be their dear home for years, for they remained there, my parents' beloved charge, when father and mother left for China again. More than two years passed before that parting came. It was an active time for George. At home, he was often our preacher—sometimes hesitating for an English word ! And he lectured on China, again and again, to crowded parish audiences. I hear him still, telling us a thousand details, with the tone of one to whom *uninteresting* China had become life's possessing interest, and making his simplest hearers understand something of the religion, the thought, the virtues, the darkness, the needs, of the far-off people of his heart. Upon me, then our father's curate, his influence was more than ever a living power. I felt him then, as I feel him now, to be one of the nearest approaches I have ever known to the ideal of the Christian ; wholly devoted, wide in sympathy, " gentle to others, to himself severe," alive to every pure interest, to all truth and beauty, while his Lord was always the ruling, animating, hallowing soul of the whole life.

Like most missionaries on furlough he was called here and everywhere as a " deputation." It was his delight to say that what he saw in this way of faithful pastors and people at home made him feel that " they, not he, were overworked " in the service of Christ. It was a view precisely true to his spirit.

October, 1869, saw his second departure eastward, with his wife and two young children. The youngest, a little boy, born

in the old vicarage, lived to be his father's dear friend, and died not long before him. The elder two were left with us, as I have said. To quit them cost their parents an agony whose quiet depth I well recall. This time the voyage took the vast circuit by the Cape. Hong Kong was reached in time for the birth there of a little son, afterwards a brilliant Cambridge student, with " Indian civil " life before him—called (1895) to die, in his college rooms, in my wife's arms, murmuring that his mother, then in China, was beside him.

The house at Hangchow was soon occupied again, and for more than six years it was the scene of untiring life and labour. That was in many ways an anxious time. Hangchow stands not far from the coast, but tidal and other conditions bar approach by sea, and in those days, long before a railway was laid down, it was reached only from Shanghai, by a slow and difficult journey, on road and canal, of a hundred miles. For a long time no European medical aid was present there. But happily my brother was doctor and nurse by instinct, and he made good use of the little knowledge he had picked up in Dorchester hospital. He had serious cases to deal with sometimes, but there were no failures. Then there were violent disturbances. A savage massacre of French priests and sisters at Tientsin, in 1870, occasioned by wild slanders about cruelties in their hospital, stirred anti-Christian feeling far and wide. The few missionaries at Hangchow were threatened by anonymous letter-writers, and friends urged them to return to the coast. " But," says my brother in a reminiscence, " we did not see our way to do so, and the excitement passed." So did further ugly perils in 1872.

These years saw the mission church enlarged a second time. It was re-opened with a happy united service, re-inforced by warm-hearted Presbyterian Chinese brethren, at the end of 1871. And a Chinese house was acquired for opium cure and other medical purposes, under Dr. Galt ; the germ of the present great hospital, now governed by Dr. Main with far-reaching results for bodies and souls. And George was ever on the move, in the regions accessible on land or by canal-boat, living a life always growing in sympathy and insight, and spent far above the roughnesses of travel, the often comfortless conveyances, the ill-kept inns, the devious paths, the stormy skies.

CHAPTER IV

England : China : 1876—1906

IN the summer of 1876 my brother, with his wife and the five younger of their now seven children, arrived once more at Fordington Vicarage. Their eldest two greeted them there, after the nearly seven years of their grandparents' loving care, which always had included the watchful fostering of supreme affection for the absent parents. The old home was still alive and shining with our father's and mother's presence. But the fatigues of ceaseless duty, and also of heavy grief, had visibly aged them, and our loving and beloved mother was almost blind. It was a deep joy to them to welcome yet again the son whose missionary life had been so great a part of their existence for nearly twenty years. And to him it proved, as time passed, a solemn joy to watch and minister first by his mother's dying bed, as she went from us, paralysed and speechless, in 1877, and then by his father's. He, after two widowed years and a few months, a time bright with an almost youthful spirit of love and labour, as if his vanished saint's life had entered into his own, was called up to his Lord and to her in February, 1880, working still with his pen, for the betterment of the poor, within two days of death. Then our old hearth ceased at last to burn for us. A home life beautiful in its homeliness, a parish work almost parental in its simplicity and love, things belonging to a world strangely other than that of to-day, expired. George, resident near the vicarage, and I, the curate, saw the new vicar duly installed and introduced, and then we soon bade our Fordington farewell.

This furlough lasted over a long four years. Duty to parents, duty to children, led George thus to linger in the West. He was constantly at work for the great missionary cause. He also for some time served, as curate, our father's old and beloved friend, Canon Reginald Smith, of West Stafford, Dorchester, a parish and a home where he won deep and abiding affection. But he grew uneasy at last about his connexion with the Society during so long an absence from China, and he proposed that the connexion should close, while he earnestly hoped to return later to the land of his devotion. Happily the proposal was declined.

And now, in 1880, arose a new and sacred call to the East, when Fordington could claim him no more and when his children's education was provided for. His dear senior friend, William Russell, Bishop in our Chekiang Mission since 1872, died, and a successor was sought. It is moving to a

younger brother to remember that the choice of the nominators lay between George and Arthur Moule. So admirable, in its wise while aggressive spirit, had been, during George's absence, the work of Arthur, at Hangchow and in the regions beyond, notably in the great district of Chuki, that he, as a fact, received the first proposal. With generous fraternal loyalty he declined to be preferred to his brother. He urged, as one argument, like a true adopted son of China, that to Chinese thought it would be a grave anomaly to see the younger set over the elder. Then George was invited, through the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Wright, to undertake the charge. He pressed at first on the Committee the alternative of calling in to the missionary bishopric a home clergyman of spiritual and practical power. But this did not commend itself, and ultimately, feeling the call of God, he accepted the great task. On October 28, 1880, at St. Paul's, I witnessed the consecration of my dear brother and of Dr. C. P. Scott, called to the bishopric in North China—where he is working still. Archbishop Tait presided; Jackson of London, Thorold of Rochester, Harold Browne of Winchester, were his fellow consecrators. Thomas Perowne, Archdeacon of Norwich, the dear friend of ancient Cambridge days, preached the sermon.

George's first episcopal act, done a few days later in Islington Parish Church, was to ordain two Islington College men deacons, on commission from the Bishop of London. He entrusted to me the ordination sermon. A few weeks passed, and we bade him, his Adelaide, and their eldest, Mary, farewell for China. So began twenty-six years of a missionary Bishop's responsibility and toil. Two short intervals in England, 1886, 1894, visits full of interest to us, broke the long period, but they do not call for notice in this little sketch. In those days the Bishop in Mid-China (the title is now displaced by that of Bishop in Chekiang) had charge, in some sense, of the vast region of the Chinese West as well as of the "mid" province of coastward China, Chekiang, with its great neighbour, the port of Shanghai. It was physically impossible to visit the western missions, for the very slow transit over thousands of miles would have filled well nigh all the time. Correspondence and occasional conference with missionaries was all that could be secured, and great was the gain when the diocese of Western China was formed (1895), with Bishop Cassels as its pastor. But over his nearer charges, the missions linked with Shanghai, Ningpo, Hangchow, Chuki, and the more distant Taichow, south-westward, Bishop Moule watched with an active and unceasing personal superintendence. His brother Arthur, his Archdeacon and admirable colleague, in a summary of recollections

written just after George's death, speaks thus of that episcopal work: "In very deed my brother's heart and intellect, his scholarship, his administrative power and energy, are written on almost every detail of the native Church and its life in Mid-China. . . . He was spared to see the little Church of scarcely a hundred souls in 1857 grow into two thousand and more who could add their names to a memorial of love and reverence given him on his seventieth birthday, and to over four thousand before his death. The native clergy had increased from one in 1862 to over thirty, working or at rest, at his jubilee in 1908. . . . He watched with a chief pastor's far-seeing eye and care, and strong, wise hands of stimulus or restraint, the great expansion of the active area of the diocese—in the wonderful Chuki mission, God's work" (through His servant, Arthur Moule) "during his absence in England in 1877, and my residence and chief charge at Hangchow—Chuki, where now the Christians number nearly a thousand; and in the Taichow mission, the fruit of Chinese evangelists from Ningpo, a mission whose numbers have grown from the two converts, father and son, of 1886, to nearly twelve hundred; and in the evangelistic work round Hangchow, up the great river of the province. He gave interest and help to the fine hospital at Hangchow under Dr. Main, and lastly to Shanghai, with its cathedral, and European life and English ministration, and to our Chinese mission there, and to the self-supporting native Church. All these cares and duties, added to incessant travelling, kept my brother working at very high pressure both physically and mentally. His thousands of miles of travelling were done on foot, by sedan, in boats, by coasting steamers. His church vestries and native councils . . . grew into a synod."

That episcopal period saw its grave public troubles, local and imperial. In 1884, so it is recorded by his missionary son, Henry, heir of his devotion and his scholarship, there was a fierce nocturnal riot in the city. "He at once walked unarmed into the street, to the house of a military official, and went with this man into the thick of the disturbance, not returning till after midnight—when he told us what a coward he had been."

In 1900 the awful "Boxer" terror came on, commanded and stimulated by the stern Empress Dowager—a persecution which added quite twenty thousand martyrs to the white-robed hosts above. He sent his wife and children down to Shanghai, but himself held on at Hangchow, far from European protection, well knowing that the Governor had orders to destroy the missionaries. He showed himself in the streets, and was persuaded at last to leave the city only when he

knew that his dear converts were safe. It is good to record that certain mandarins, "the chief of Hangchow, which were his friends," promised him that his house, with its books, and pictures, and dear memorials, should be safe. And he came back at last to find everything intact.

"Every mandarin in China knows Bishop Moule as a righteous man;" so said once a prefect in Shantung.

The holy gifts of sorrow meantime were not wanting. His dear, devoted, studious Mary died, at Hangchow, in her mother's arms, in 1901. His Charles, the baby of Fordington Vicarage, after a strenuous life on sea and land, passed away at Shanghai in 1907—a heavy loss to his father. Then his precious other self, his Adelaide, went from him, to his unspeakable grief, in 1909. Mother and daughter sleep, as to their mortal part, in a quiet field near Hangchow.

But always through sorrows and change his Lord seemed to draw nearer, and to fill the deep soul with a divine simplicity of love. The life, always severely self-disciplined, so that few men of God, I must think, have ever much more resolutely used for Him the talent of time, yet grew always gentler, tenderer, larger in its humbleness and its sympathy.

And when, in 1906, feeling that he could no longer adequately carry the diocesan burthens, he resigned his well-loved charge, it was only to live on at Hangchow as a private missionary on an ordinary "allowance," and to give his true-hearted successor, Bishop Molony, all the help that experience and co-operation could supply.

CHAPTER V

The Close: 1906—1912

THE long pilgrimage drew near its shrine. George was spared to us for some six years after his resignation, but that period, though it saw no idle day, offers little matter for this miniature biography. I have recorded, just above, the bereavements which shadowed it. I have also passingly mentioned the loving celebration, in 1907, by his Chinese disciples, of the eightieth years of age, and fiftieth years of life for China, of him and his wife. In the Hangchow church, on that November day, the two were placed in canopied chairs of honour; prayers, thanksgivings, and addresses of reverent affection spoken by Chinese clergy-

men, formed the service, and a little later an album containing the four thousand names of his Chinese Christians was presented. Its predecessor, the silken scroll, ninety feet long, bearing the two thousand and more names of 1898, is my cherished possession to-day.

George lived to witness large advances of the Christian enterprise. But he was wistfully desirous to the last to see a far greater gift of both lives and money provided by the Church at home for China. He watched, with feelings greatly mingled, the impetuous rejection, by the revolutionized Chinese State, of the age-long Confucian education, for whose morality, however imperfect, he justly thought that materialistic western scientific teaching was a low and dangerous substitute. We to-day can thank God that, in ways and measures almost mysterious, the Christian ideal has widely touched the Chinese mind. But the call for far greater effort in China for the Lord is as urgent as ever, alike for the saving of souls and for the hopes of the nation and the world.

Twice in these last years, aged but full of life, he came to England, travelling by Vancouver, under the faithful escort of his eldest son, for years an official of the Imperial Customs. The first visit lasted a few months only. He charmed us by his beautifully cheerful interest in everything, and his praise of what he thought the growing kindliness and courtesy of common life. We were hardly surprised when the second visit was announced—for a final sight of the beloved native land, before he should return and lie down to rest beside his sleeping dear ones at Hangchow. He came, and months passed, full of movement and interest, in Dorset, in Norfolk, at Cambridge. He was the life of every company, equally ready for gravest thought and happy laughter, the eager hearer, the always interesting informant. The tall, slight, figure was as erect as ever; the abundant silver hair suggested only experience, never the failure of strength; the pace was quick, the thought was quicker, the love more than ever deep and tender. Behind it all was the life hid with Christ in God. His nearest knew that four or five hours daily were given to prayer, to communion intimate and adoring with the Lord who had found him sixty long years before, and of whose blissful presence in him and with him he seemed always more vividly conscious. At times this very joy of love, peacefully dispelling the shadows which had been often felt by the sensitive soul before, suggested to him the thought that the call might be at hand. "I think the end may be near," he said once quite cheerfully; "I have felt my Saviour so very close to me in my prayer-times of late."

Early in 1912 he reached us at Auckland Castle, a visit

much longed for, and delightful indeed when it came to pass. I had more than one happy and active walk with him. He met many friends, always with life and pleasure. But just as February ended an old latent physical mischief set in. Tenderest care and medical skill were at once around him. But the Master had come, and beckoned him away. Amidst a circle of watching love, before the dawn of March 3, after long wanderings of thought, in which every word was sweet and true, almost in the arms of friend, son, daughter, niece, brother, brother's wife, he slept in Jesus.

So little, before the very last days, had he anticipated a speedy summons that he had promised to preach, on the Sunday which actually followed his death, in the church near our door. The sermon, fully written, lay beside him as he died. The text was 1 Thess. iv. 1: "That ye abound more and more." The theme was the supreme Secret of undying growth, the LORD, and the call to a watchful and disciplined walk with Him that we may draw His life into ours. At the close, quoted at full length, was that hymn of spiritual simplicity and humble faith:

> Take time to be holy,
> Speak oft with thy Lord.

I claimed the privilege of preaching his sermon for him when the Sunday came.

The funeral service, ordered with gracious reverence, largely attended, and enriched for us with the presence (by an effort which, alas, occasioned one fatal chill) of dear Dorset friends, West Stafford friends of his and my whole lives, was held in Durham Cathedral. It closed with Beethoven's "Hero's Funeral March," as the sacred body, one month more than eighty-four years old, was borne out towards the green Bow cemetery near at hand. There it reposes, waiting for the Coming, beside the grave of my eldest child, and now, since July, 1915, beside that of my wife, who loved George with deep sister-love.

The stone, designed by his youngest son, his father's follower in Chinese learning, bears inscribed a text dear to my brother, and a true summary of his life: "It pleased God to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the Gentiles."

Hail and farewell, Brother dear and venerated, true man, true man of God, made nobly strong in Him to toil, to love, to enjoy, to suffer, to serve, to lift, to lead. We give hearty thanks for thee, we lingering here below;

> And oh! what arms of rest and love
> Are open'd to embrace above
> The veterans of the King!

POSTSCRIPT.

I have alluded to my brother's gift as a preacher. It may not be amiss if I quote here from an estimate of it which I wrote, when a Cambridge Bachelor of Arts for a college Essay Society to which I belonged. The theme was "Preaching," and the essay was thrown into the form of a dialogue.

"Our conversation was closed by a warm account which *Philemon* gave us of a preacher whom he considered to be well nigh his ideal, a man whose hairs indeed were black (a fault which there might be time to mend) but who showed in a grave countenance the furrowed marks of thought and conflicting emotions almost out of proportion to his years; a manner somewhat severe at the first impression; a style pure indeed and scholarlike, but as it were purposely repressing the more dubious displays of human eloquence; yet all this pervaded by a deep and energetic sympathy. The preacher, as he rose to some theme above the heavens, yet seemed to attract after him the humblest and simplest of his auditory, till they found themselves unawares at the very gates of Paradise. In him, we were informed, gravity and kindness, reason and sympathetic impulse, were tempered to an admirable whole; and to such lengths did *Philemon* proceed in his eulogy that I could not help expressing a wish to hear his hero. 'Alas,' he replied, 'that will be impossible; for he has gone to try his powers upon remote barbarian hearers, and is now parted from us by half the world.'"

May, 1865

Church Missionary Society
Salisbury Square, London, E.C. 4

PRICE 3d. net